

## ***The Glow Is Gone***

By: Isabella Hunt

I'm not entirely sure what to submit for this. I know, however, that I want it to be something that has meaning, if not to you then at the very least to me. That being said, I'm not sure what exactly I want that to be or much less how to execute it. So, I suppose this week I'll write to whoever reads this a note about my various wants and needs during this global pandemic. Before all of this I hadn't really considered our way of life to be in any danger at all. Quite frankly, I was an idiot; I assumed that what we had was infinite, and that's honestly such a stupid way of thinking. Prior to the pandemic, my life was centered around maybe two or three objects of interest that now seem meaningless and maybe even indulgent. Those things that bordered on frivolity were the band and playing music, my boyfriend, and how I'd spend my weekends. Not mentioned are my job, my family, my gas expenses, what I was going to eat for dinner, or where I was going to sleep that night, because these were things I simply assumed would remain grounded and stable within my existence. Growing up in Detroit I had a natural grasp upon how fickle these things can be but I guess it never really dawned on me that, A.) It could happen so fast and B.) It could happen to me. So, I suppose that what I'm slowly coming to terms with is that the person who focused on her stage performance, her boyfriend's smile, and spending time with friends on the weekend, is no longer me. Both what I expect and want from life differ from the past by a large margin. What I wanted in January of this year was very, very different from what I want now. January promised the prospect of graduating early and moving out with my bandmates. It promised summer concerts, visiting my great grandparents, and frequenting neighboring coffee shops with new friends. However, now all I can think of is getting out. March brings ideas of isolation, longing for another's touch, and distance from the ones closest to you. Now it's April and I am no longer graduating early. The harsh reality of the situation is I may not get a senior year anymore, and those having theirs right now won't walk the stage as so many before them had. April reminds me that I'm not moving out, the idea which once seemed very real, now is a distant dream. It reminds me that the coffee shops and record stores we used to frequent less than a month ago may not be around when this passes. April seems to stand in memoriam to travel, as memories of New York a year ago surge past. Last year I couldn't wait to tour the city alongside my friends, this year I can't help but walk myself through the steps it takes to travel, how many different people you'd encounter within close proximity, what you'd have to wipe down, and how risky staying at a seemingly clean hotel would be. Thoughts like these, I suppose, stand to show you that a year or two ago were very different times. I guess that brings me to the notion that none of us could have seen this coming, at least us of the civilian population; it makes me wonder, would my dreams, my needs, my wants, etc. have been different? Would I have enjoyed things more or maybe lived with less anxiety? Would I feel more comfortable within isolation? Or would nothing change? Would I still be as uncertain and would life be just as unstable? And now I ask, what exactly can I take from this experience moving forward, regardless of where I end up? What can you?

